NUMB. 1209

The Daily Gazetteer.

MONDAY, MAY 7. 1739

No. 1207.

To the DAILY GAZETTEER.

SIR, *Temple, Saturday, April 28.*

AM not a little pleas'd to find Mr. *D'Anvers* advance a Sentiment in which I can chearfully agree with him; for it is certainly true, as he (on this Occasion very justly) observes, That the Sentiments of the *Government*, and of the *People* also, may, in a great Degree, be traced in our *Tragedies* both ancient and modern; and it must be lamented, as one of the many Misfortunes of the Reign of King *Charles* II. that more than Half the Plays then permitted to appear, breathe nothing but *arbitrary Sway*, *indefeasable Hereditary Succession*, &c. for *Freedom*; the *Liberty* there recommended being more properly a *scandalous Licentiousness*, as is but too evident from the Libertinism and Immorality that abounds in all the favourite Plays of that Reign.

I must, nevertheless, own, that I cannot well apprehend what Mr *D'Anvers* would say, by asserting, 'That in Times of publick Prosperity, the Tragick 'Scenes are adorn'd with the warmest Sentiments 'that publick Spirit can inspire, and the noblest Pa'negyrick upon those who make the Love of Man'kind the glorious Motive of their Undertakings; 'but if Pride and Meanness fill the Throne, then 'the Poet arms his Numbers with the infamous 'Wretches of former Ages, &c.'——Since a *Tragick Hero* must *necessarily* have an *opposite Character*, without which he cannot appear to any considerable Advantage; and we find this so universally the Sense of our *Dramatick Writers*, that scarce one Tragedy can be produced as an *Exception* to this *Rule*: Wherefore I am apt to believe that *Caleb* can only have said this to make his subsequent Quotations read with the more Attention; for he must know, whatever *single Sentences* he may pick out to please his *prejudiced Imagination*, that a *Villain* is, in several of our best Plays, the *principal*, and in many the *favourite* Character, especially in our old Tragedies, and more particularly in the Writings of the celebrated *Shakespear*.

Our facetious Countryman, BEN JOHNSON, has furnished the Stage with many Lessons of lasting Use: One of which, in his well-written Tragedy of CATALINE'S CONSPIRACY, gives a most lively Representation of a *desperate*, *disappointed Traytor* in the following Lines.

It is decreed. Nor shall thy Fate, O! Rome,
Resist my Vow. Tho' Hills were set on Hills,
And Seas met Seas to guard thee, I would through:
——*I'd plough up Rocks steep as the* Alps *in Dust,*
And lave the Tyrrhene *Waters into Clouds,*
But I would reach thy Head, *thy* Head, *proud City!*
The Ills that I have done *cannot be safe*
But by attempting greater; *and I feel*
A Spirit within me chides my sluggish Hands,
And says they have been innocent *too long.*

What modern *Address to the People* by the Conspirators of our Days can be described with more Strength and Exactness than in the following Lines of *Cataline's* Harangue to the *Roman* Mob? in which I think *Ben* has given us the whole *modern Cajole* in *Epitome*.

——*Noblest* Romans!
If you were less, *or that your* Faith *and* Virtue
Did not hold good that Title, *with your Blood,*
I should not now unprofitably spend
Myself in Words, or catch at empty Hopes,
By airy Ways for solid Certainties.
But since in many and the greatest Dangers
I still have known you no less true *than* valiant.——
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
When I forethink the hard Conditions
Our State must undergo, unless in Time
We do redeem ourselves to Liberty,
And break the Iron Yoke forg'd for our Necks;
For what less can we call it, when we see
The Commonwealth engross'd so by a few,
The Giants of the State, that do by Turns
Enjoy her.
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
They have Choice of Houses, Manors, Lordships,
We scarce a Fire, or a poor Household Lar!
They buy rare Attick *Statues,* Tyrian *Hangings,*
Ephesian *Pictures, and* Corinthian *Plate!*

These Lines in the Mouth of a *profligate Voluptuary*, who having been employ'd one Part of his Life in ruining his *own Fortune*, bent his Thoughts on nothing but the *Ruin of his Country*, shew how clearly the Author saw into the Nature of such Designs, and the common Language on such Occasions, among the *Craftsmen*, and false *Patriots* of *Rome*, or any other Country; for where the Intentions are the same, the Language will always bear an Affinity; whence it is no Wonder that *Cataline* should speak so much in the Style of our *modern Patriots*; and such was the Influence he had among the unthinking Vulgar, that the Endeavours of this *profligate Traitor* would probably have involved the whole *Roman People* in the Ruin he and his desperate Adherents intended, had not the Wisdom of CICERO, aided by *Cato*, and the other *Friends of Virtue*, *Liberty*, *and of their Country*, by *mild Entreaty*, and the *Help of their own Examples*, (though at the utmost Peril of themselves) stem'd the wide Torrent of Confusion that was on the Verge of their *Freedom* and *Privileges*, their *Liberties* and *Lives*. Which may ever serve as a Caution to all real Friends of a Nation, to weigh deliberately the Complaints raised against the Persons intrusted with the Government of publick Affairs, and carefully to consider *who* it is that raises them, and *what Views* they have in any proposed Alteration.

The Expression of *Cethegus*, on *drinking Blood* to seal their dark Contract against their Countrymen, is perfectly agreeable to Speeches of a much later Date, in which the Envy of designing Traytors to the Friends of the Country they sought to destroy, has often swam uppermost, spite of all their Arts to conceal it, by their pretended Regard for the People.

——*Swell me my Bowl yet fuller,*
Here I do drink this, as I would do Cato's
Or the new Fellow Cicero's.

The Advantages promis'd to those who would assist his black Schemes, are well described by *Cataline* in the following Lines.

That House is yours, that Land is his; those Waters,
Orchards and Walks a third's; he has that Honour,
And he that Office

Cicero's Description of the Office he enjoy'd, with a View only to the Welfare of his Country, well deserves our Notice;

Great Honours are great Burthens; but on whom
They're cast with Envy, *he doth wear two Loads.*
His Cares must still be double to his Joys,
In any Dignity, where, if he err,
He finds no Pardon; *and for* doing well,
A most small Praise, *and that wrung out by Force.*

And the Cares attending, and the Capacity necessary for the great Trusts he enjoy'd, are very beautifully and elegantly described by *Cato* in the same Play.

——*Each petty Hand*
Can steer a Ship becalm'd; but he that will
Govern and carry her to her Ends, must know
His Tides, *his* Currents, *how to* shift his Sails;
What she will bear in foul, *what in* fair Weathers;
Where her Springs *are, her* Leaks, *and how to* stop *them;*
What Sands, *what* Shelves, *what* Rocks, *do threaten her;*
The Forces *and the* Natures *of all* Winds,
Gusts, Storms, *and* Tempests, *when her Keel ploughs Hell,*
And Deck knocks Heaven: Then *to manage her*
Becomes the Name and Office of a Pilot.

Which Description alone is sufficient to shew how unfit an *ancient* or *modern Cataline*, led by the single View of his *own Interests*, and hurried on by the Impetuosity of his *Passions*, must be for so *great a Charge*.

Cicero's Appeal to the misled Tools of the Faction is equally just and pathetick.

If you would hear, and change your savage Minds
Leave to be mad; forsake your Purposes
Of Treason, Rapine, Murder, Fire *and* Horror;
The Commonwealth hath Eyes, that wake as sharply
Over her Life, *as yours do for her* Ruin.
Be not deceived to think her Lenity
Will be perpetual; or, if Men be wanting,
The Gods will be to such a calling Cause.
Consider your Attempts, and while there's Time,
Repent you of them. It doth make me tremble
There should those Spirits breathe, that when they cannot
Live honestly *would rather perish* basely.

Mr. *Rowe's* TAMERLANE can scarcely be too much admir'd: For in it is contained, beside the most God-like Courage and Resolution, every humane and generous Sentiment that can render a Prince worthy the Love and Esteem of his Subjects, who never speaks of *War*, but as a *desperate Means* of serving Mankind.

Oh thou fell Monster, War! that in a Moment
Layst waste the noblest Part of the Creation,
The Beast and Master-piece of the great Maker,
That wears in vain th'Impression of his Image
Unprivileg'd from thee.

And the terrible Effects of Arms are no less pathetically described in the Invasion of *Bajazet*:

—To waste with Sword and Fire their fruitful Fields,
Like some accursed Fiend, who, 'scap'd from Hell,
Poisons the balmy Air through which he flies,
He blasts the bearded Corn, and loaded Branches,
The labouring Hind's best Hope, and marks his Way with Ruin.

Whence, according to Mr. *D'Anvers's* Observation, it is apparent, that at the Time this Play was written, (which was, I think, during the most hostile Part of King WILLIAM's Reign) *War* was looked upon as the *very last Resource for a free well-govern'd People*.——A restless, perfidious Disturber of Mankind is well drawn in the following two Lines from the same Play:

Whose Faith, so often given, *and* always violated,
Have been th'Offence of Heaven, and Plague of Earth.

Mr. *Addison's* CATO certainly abounds with Allusions to the Time it was written in; one of which, in the Mouth of *Sempronius*, is very remarkable.

——*I'll conceal*
My Thoughts in Passion, ('tis *the surest Way*)
I'll bellow out for Rome, *and for* my Country,
And mouth at Cæsar, *till I shake the* Senate,
Your cold Hypocrisy's a stale Device,
A worn-out Trick; wouldst thou be thought in earnest,
Cloath thy feign'd Zeal *in* Rage, *in* Fire, *in* Fury!

What can more exactly tally with the Cry of a certain Popish Incendiary a few Weeks ago, than the following Words:

At length the Winds are rais'd, the Storm blows high;
Be it your Care, my Friends, to keep it up
In its full Fury, and direct it right,
Till it has spent itself on CATO's *Head.*

And no less worthy Notice is *Cato's* Speech to the Leaders of the Mutiny; in which the true Patriot shines far above all the *false Trappings* of his Enemies.

Do you confess 'twas not a Zeal for Rome,
Nor Love of Liberty, nor Thirst of Honour,
Drew you thus far; but Hopes to share the Spoil
Of conquer'd Towns, *and* plunder'd Provinces?
Fir'd with such Motives, *you do well to join*
With CATO's Foes.
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
Behold my Breast is naked to your Swords,
And let the Man that's injur'd, strike the Blow,
Which of you all suspects that he is wrong'd,
Or thinks he suffers greater Ills than CATO?
Am I distinguish'd from you but by Toils,
Superior Toils, and heavier Weight of Cares!
Painful Pre-eminence!

What *Sempronius* says to the Abettors of his Perfidy, may serve as a Lesson to all who are not willing to be deceived by the secret Enemies of their Peace and Tranquillity; for we have seen but too many Confirmations of the Truth of what he asserts.

Know, Villains, when such paltry Slaves presume,
To mix in Treason, if the Plot succeeds,
They're thrown neglected by: But if it fails,
They're sure to die like Dogs, as you shall do.

The

The Concluſion of this excellent Tragedy may ever ſerve as a fine Picture of the Evils ariſing from *civil Diſcord* in any Nation, and a Caution againſt a haſtily giving into the Sentiments of thoſe who ſtrive to *divide a People*.

From hence let fierce contending Nations know,
What dire Effects from civil Diſcord *flow:*
'Tis this that ſhakes our Country *with Alarms,*
And gives up Rome *a Prey to* Roman *Arms,*
Produces Fraud, *and* Cruelty, *and* Strife,
And robs a guilty World of CATO's *Life.*

Mr. *Otway* muſt be confeſs'd to have a Strength of Thought, join'd with a moving Softneſs of Expreſſion, not to be found in any other Writer, and abounds with Sentiments of equal Truth and Delicacy; in CAIUS MARIUS, the Senſe of a Mob is very naturally deſcrib'd, when influenc'd by the Clamours of thoſe who labour to deceive them.

3d Cit. *Well, Neighbours, now we are come here, what muſt we do?*

1ſt Cit. *Why, you muſt give your Vote for* CAIUS MARIUS *to be Conſul, and if any body ſpeaks againſt you,* knock 'em down.

3d Cit. *The Truth on't is, there's nothing like a* Civil Government, *where good Subjects may have Leave to* knock out Brains to maintain Privileges.

Agreeable to which, *Sulpitius*, in the ſame Play, ſays;

——— *Since the* Rabble *now is ours,*
Keep the Tools *hot, preach* Dangers *in their Ears,*
Spread falſe Reports o'th' Senate, *working up*
Their Madneſs *to a* Fury *quick and deſperate,*
Till they run headlong *on to* civil Diſcords,
And do our Buſineſs *with* their own Deſtruction.

I cannot in this Place paſs over the Concluſion of Major *Pack*'s excellent Prologue to Dr. *Sewell*'s Sir WALTER RAWLEIGH, which very beautifully deſcribes the fatal Conſequences of a Monarch's liſtening to the Malice of the Enemies of one of the moſt faithful and able Servants any Prince was ever bleſs'd with.

BRITONS, *by this Example taught, unite,*
Wound not the Publick *out of* private *Spite;*
To great Atchievements juſt Rewards allow,
Nor tear the Laurel *from the* Victor's *Brow.*
Exert your Vigor in the Nation's *Cauſe,*
But grudge no Rival his deſerv'd Applauſe;
Safely we may defy MADRID *and* ROME,
If no ſly Gundamor *prevails at Home.*

The Prologue to Mr. *Frowde*'s FALL OF SAGUNTUM, has four Lines that may ſerve to ſhew at the Time it was written, ſome *publick Perfidy* was recent on the Memories of the People.

If we did e'er to our own Honours fail,
If e'er unhappy Counſels did prevail,
To let a brave Confederate miſs our Aid,
Be that ill-fated Period thrown in ſhade!

Theſe Quotations being thrown together principally with a View to general Uſe, leſt Mr. *Common Senſe* ſhould think himſelf neglected, I offer the following Lines from Mr. *Beckingham*'s HENRY IV. of *France*, to his own particular Uſe: ——— Their being in the Mouth of a *Popiſh Nuncio* will be no Objection to him.

RAVILLIAC, *as our* Church *has mark'd the cut,*
Deputed thee the Glory of her great
Revenger, and the Strengthner of her Faith;
Nay, we her Reverend Mitred Sons have heard
And witneſs'd to thy Vows; which, unperform'd
Plunge to a certain Hell thy perjur'd Fear.
If done, (*as who ſhall dare diſtruſt thee now*)
Procure thee Abſolution, Fame, *and* Heaven!

And *Ravilliac*'s Conſolation after being detected, may, on ſome future Occaſion, be of ſome Service to the ſame Writer;

Our Church hath damn'd the Heretick; our Church
Deputed me to puſh her Sentence home.

Theſe Inſtances will, at preſent, ſerve to ſhew of what general Uſe our Tragedies are for the Information of the *preſent*, as well as for the Illuſtration of *former* Ages; and will ſhew Mr. *D'Anvers* my Willingneſs to be handled by any beſide himſelf.

I am SIR,
Your moſt humble Servant
ALG. SIDNEY.

HOME PORTS.

Deal, May 4. Wind S. W. The Men of War as per laſt remain. Arrived the Mary, Campion, from Cadiz; the Haſwell, Crooken, from Santa Cruz; and the Bee, Burford, from Lisbon.

Deal, May 5. Wind S. W. Remain his Majeſty's Ships the Newcaſtle, Pembroke, Kennington, Faulkland, Tarter, Deal Caſtle, Portmahone, Fly, Otter, and Tryal. Came down and remain, the Queen Elizabeth, King, for Madeira and St. Chriſtopher's; the Fair Trader, Ray, for Dublin; the Edward and Mary, Litler, for ditto; and the Charming Sally, Daniel, for Spain. Arrived the James Frig. Speck, from ——.

Graveſend, May 4. Paſſed by the Tuſcany, Martin, from Leghorn; the Mary Yacht, Moloy, from Rotterdam; and the Abraham, Ragalo, from Caen.

The William and Sarah, Glegg, from Oporto, is arrived at Yarmouth.

LONDON.

Yeſterday arrived a Mail from France, and another from Flanders.

The Advices from Genoa ſay, the Corſican Rebels continue to burn and plunder the Houſes and Effects of ſuch of the Iſlanders as are come over to our Party; and that the new Taxes which the Genoeſe Republick have laid upon their Subjects to defray the Expences of the Corſican War, begin to create great Uneaſineſs. 'Tis added, that the Emperor's Envoy has already ſent away 400 Mariners from Genoa to the Danube, and that he was going to ſend off another hundred.

St. James's May 3. This Day the Sieur Waſemberg, Secretary from the King of Sweden, had his firſt private Audience of his Majeſty, to deliver his Letters of Credence.

Yeſterday the Rev. Dr. Walker preached before his Majeſty, the Duke, and the Princeſſes, at the Chapel Royal at St. James's.

The Sword of State was carried before his Majeſty to and from the Chapel by the Right Hon. the Earl of Finlater, one of the Sixteen Peers of Scotland.

This being Eſſoign Day before Eaſter Term, the ſeveral Courts in Weſtminſter-Hall will be opened by one of the Judges of each reſpective Court.

Laſt Week Mrs. Vane, the Lady of Morgan Vane, Eſq; of Boſcomb in Wilts, died at the Bath, and was interr'd at Wallop in Hampſhire.

This Day begins the Races at Epſom in Surry, when a Purſe of Forty Guineas will be run for by ſix Year old Horſes, carrying 10 Stone.

On Saturday laſt William Witaker, jun. Eſq; was married by the Rev. Mr. Biſcoe at St. Martin's Outwich, to Miſs North, Daughter of Mr. North of Merchant Taylor's Hall, a young Lady of fine Accompliſhments, and a handſome Fortune.

The Right Hon. the Earl of Dyſart, who was ſeiz'd with a Fit of an Apoplexy in his Chariot in Conduit-ſtreet on Friday laſt, continues dangerouſly ill at Mr. Palatin's, an Apothecary's in the ſaid Street.

Yeſterday the Right Rev. Dr. Gooch, Lord Biſhop of Norwich, preached a Charity Sermon at St. Martin's for the Benefit of 150 Children; on which Occaſion there was a conſiderable Sum collected.

On Saturday Night the Seſſions ended at the Old Baily, when 32 Perſons were tried, one whereof was capitally convicted, viz. John Stevens, for ſtealing a Silver Tankard, Value 6l. the Property of Edward Plummer. Thirteen were caſt for Tranſportation, and 18 Acquitted.

At this Seſſions	Received Sentence of Death	8
	Burnt in the Hand - - -	4
	Order'd for Tranſportation -	47
	Acquitted - - - - -	49
	Try'd in all	108
	Diſcharg'd, the Indictments being not found, or none preferr'd - - -	42

John Trotter, one of the Perſons condemn'd, was recommended by the Jury for Mercy.

The Number of Perſons tried at this Seſſions greatly exceeds any of the former, which in great Meaſure is owing to the extraordinary Length of the Vacation; the Time between the laſt Seſſions and this, being more than double the Space between the two former; and yet 'tis remarkable, that of this large Number there were but 13 charg'd with any Offences in the City of London; which may juſtly be attributed to this City's being ſo well lighted.

BANKRUPTS.

John Meredith, of Maid-Lane, Southwark, Cabinet-maker.

John Hardman, of St. Martin in the Fields, Middleſex, Warehouſeman and Chapman.

High Water this Day at London Bridge.	Morning	Evening
	10 01	10 33

Bank Stock 141 1-half. India 167 1-half. South Sea 99 1-half. Old Annuity 110 7-8ths to 111. New ditto 110 5-8ths. Three per Cent. 105 1-4th. Seven per Cent. Loan 109 7-8ths Five per Cent. ditto 93 7-8ths. Royal Aſſurance 102. London Aſſurance 12 1-half. African 13 1-half. India Bonds 6l. 4s. Premium. South Sea ditto 2l. 5s. Prem. Bank Circulation 2l. 15s. Prem. Salt Tallies 1-half to 1 1 half Premium. Engliſh Copper 3l. 5s. Welſh ditto 15l. Three 1-half per Cent. Exchequer Orders 5 1-4th per Cent. Prem. Three per Cent. ditto 1-half per Cent. Diſcount. Million Bank 121 1-half.

General Poſt-Office, London, May 2. 1739.

SINCE the Publiſhing of the Advertiſement of the 30th of April, the Poſt-Maſter General, having received a further Information and Deſcription of the Perſon who committed the Robbery therein mentioned, it is thought neceſſary to acquaint the Publick with the ſame.

Whereas the Poſt-Boy bringing the Weſt Mail to London, was, on Saturday the 28th of April, about Half an Hour paſt Eleven o'Clock at Night, in the Road between Haſelborough and Eaſt-Chinnock near Broadbridge, ſtopt by a Man, who asked him, if he was the Poſt, clapp'd a Piſtol to his Head, led the Boy and Horſe into a little Lane that leads to Middle Chinnock, and then diſmounted him and tied his Hands behind him and Legs together, mounted the Horſe, and carried off the Mail with the following Bags, viz.

Plymouth, Exeter, Lanceſton, Dartmouth, Bodmin, Aſhburton, Totneſs, Camelford, Okehampton, St. Collomb's, Truro, Crewkherne, Lyme, Axminſter, Wellington, Minehead, Taunton, Ilminſter, Bridport, Chard, Tiverton, Honiton *and* Barnſtable.

The Poſt-Maſter General thinks proper to make it publickly known, That whoever ſhall apprehend the Perſon who committed this Robbery, will, upon Conviction, be intitled to a Reward of Two hundred Pounds, beſides the Reward by Act of Parliament for apprehending of Highwaymen; or if any Accomplice in the ſaid Robbery ſhall make a Diſcovery of the Perſon who committed the Fact, ſuch Accomplice will be intitled to the ſaid Reward of Two hundred Pounds, and alſo have his Majeſty's moſt gracious Pardon.

The Perſon who robbed and rode away with the Mail was a little well ſet Man, had on a dark Grey cloſe-bodied Coat, a White Waiſtcoat, a White Wig, a cocked-up Hat, and a White Pair of Gloves.

N. B. *The* Yeovil *Bag is come to Hand.*

By Order of the Poſt-Maſter General.
J. D. BARBUTT, Secretary.

Juſt publiſhed,

THE *Earl of* STRAFFORDE's *Letters,* from the Year 1611. to 1641. from the Originals in the Poſſeſſion of the Right Hon. the Earl of Malton.

By WILLIAM KNOWLER,
Chaplain to the ſaid Earl.

Sold by T. Elliot at the Bible in Portugal-ſtreet, near Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. Price Two Guineas in Sheets.

N. B. There are a ſmall Number on large Paper at Four Guineas.

To be Lett,
Furniſhed or Unfurniſhed,

A Houſe in Hertfordſhire, known by the Name of the Hay, in the Road to Berkhampſted, 23 Miles from London, 2 from Hempſted and 7 from St. Alban's; containing ſix Rooms on a Floor, with Out-houſes and other Conveniences, two Coach-houſes and Stabling for 12 Horſes, a good Dove-Houſe, and a Garden wall'd round and planted with the beſt of Fruit. A Lawn before the Houſe, and a Walk of Five Acres of Land up to it, planted with two Rows of Limes, with Wood Walks; with or without 12 Acres of Land.

Enquire of Mr. Thomas Partridge at Hempſted in Hertfordſhire, or at Mr. Wilcox's at Virgil's Head oppoſite the new Church in the Strand.

This Day is publiſh'd,
(Beautifully printed in Folio, on a ſuperfine Writing Paper. Price 1l. 5s. bound)

JUS PARLIAMENTARIUM: Or, The ancient Power, Juriſdiction, Rights and Liberties of the Moſt High Court of Parliament, revived and aſſerted. In Two Parts.

By WILLIAM PETTY, *Eſq; late of the Inner-Temple, and Keeper of the Records in the Tower of London.*

Printed for and Sold by John Nourſe, at the Lamb without Temple-Bar; M. Green, at Charing Croſs; Cæſar Ward and Richard Chandler, at the Ship without Temple-Bar, and at their Shops in Coney-Street, York, and at Scarborough Spaw; George Hawkins, at Milton's Head between the Temple Gates in Fleet-Street, and at Tunbridge-Wells, and Thomas Waller in the Middle-Temple Cloyſters.

LONDON: Printed for T. COOPER, at the *Globe* in *Pater-noſter-Row.*